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BEDSIDE POETRY

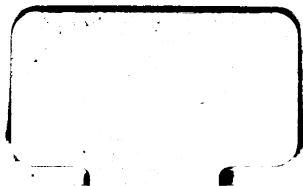
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*William Cameron Forbes*



W. Cannon Forbes

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*John H. ...  
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# BEDSIDE POETRY ✓

A PARENTS' ASSISTANT IN  
MORAL DISCIPLINE

COMPILED BY WENDELL P. GARRISON

BOSTON  
D. LOTHROP & CO.

1887

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*TO*

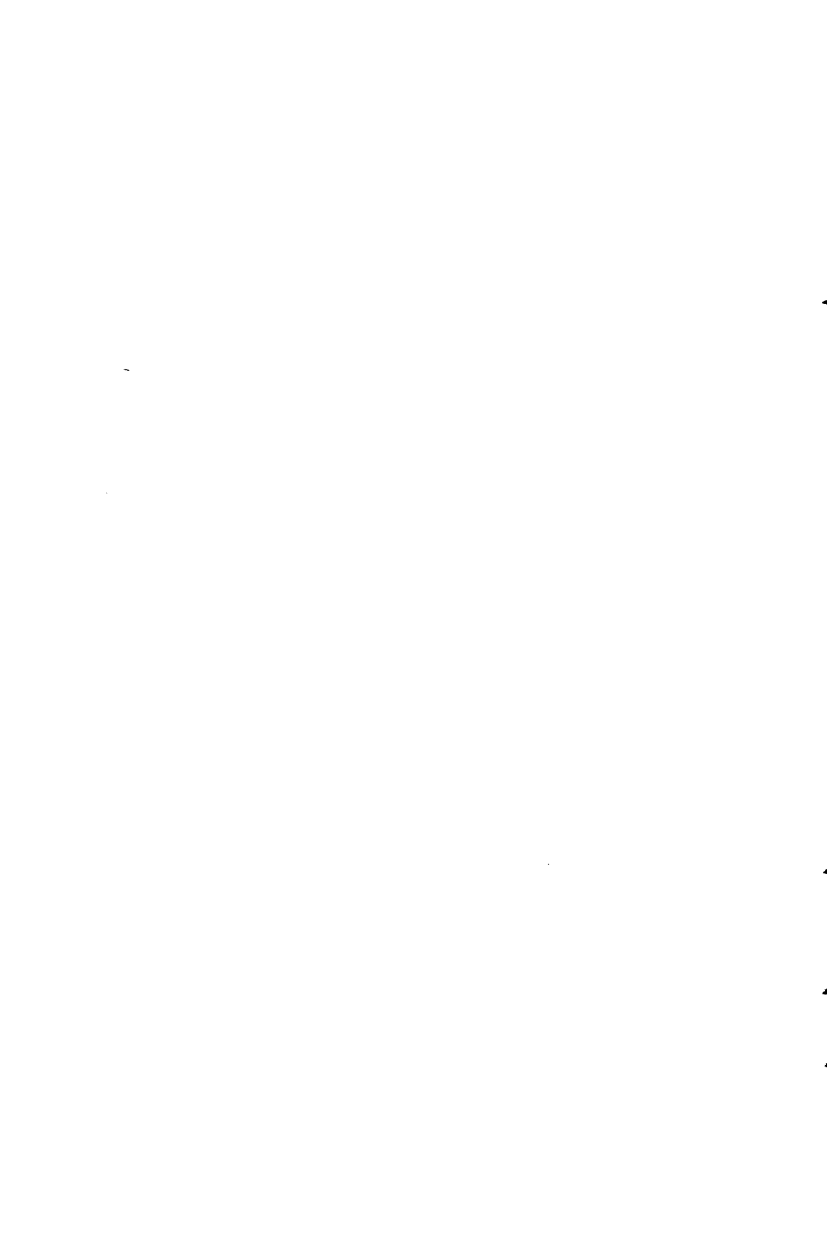
LUCY McKIM GARRISON

*AND*

JOHN RICHARD DENNETT:

*TWO SPIRITS.*





## PREFACE.

*Do what we will and can, the moral discipline of our children oftenest falls short alike of our prayers and of our endeavor. All those fences with which nature and our institutions have girt them round—parents and schoolmasters,*

*“Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,  
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,”—*

*afford no guaranty of protection from evil thoughts or evil ways. Nor will it ever be otherwise. To ground the youth in principle, demands not only all the inherited virtue of the remotest generations of man, but all the appliances which the highest enlightenment of the present day can devise.*

*The dislike of children for sermonizing; the imperfect opportunities for it at home; the want of tact or of the power of expression on the part of parents themselves—these and many other causes combine to make us shift the burden on the secular or the Sabbath school, or to encourage a blind dependence on the force of our own example. The aid*

*of fiction, it is true, has long been eagerly sought by Anglo-Saxon parents ; and what Miss Edgeworth, Miss Martineau, and a long line of successors in the writing of moral tales have done, cannot be overestimated. Poetry, in turn,—witness Ann and Jane Taylor and still another host of authors and compilers,—has been impressed into the service ; but just here, it has seemed to me, was room for the collection whose specific uses will now be explained.*

*Those mothers, and, let me add, those fathers, who have never resigned to servants the privilege of putting their children to bed, know the peculiar value of that hour for confirming filial and parental affection, and for conveying reproof to ears never so attentive or resistless. Sweeter or more impressive relations than those thus established cannot be hoped for in this life. Doubtless in hundreds of happy homes it has occurred to the parent to make a practice of closing the infant day at the bedside with some well-chosen reading, as a prelude to peaceful slumbers. To such, and to all who would do likewise, I offer a volume which will answer this general object, or which can be made directly applicable to the day's conduct. A glance at what I have called the *Key to the Moralities* will make this latter function clear.*

*Certainly the range of the pieces here grouped together will not suffice for all the defects of disposition or behavior which will arise for correction. No collection could ; and this one has been further restricted by a desire to admit only poetry of a rather high order, the remembrance of which will be a joy forever, and a potent factor in the formation not merely of character but of literary taste. There is no particular in which our schools and our textbooks so fall below the mark as in inculcating, early and constantly, that preference for the noble in literature which is one of the surest safeguards against vulgar temptations and associations. The theme invites a long essay—but not in this place.*

*Patient repetition is the secret of all successful training ; and the Frenchman who advised persistence in calumny on the ground that something would stick to the object of it, has pointed the way to the employment of similar tactics in a better cause. The parent will soon enough find out that my selections are here and there above the level of the child's comprehension, even if he be well along in his teens. But, frequently conned or recited, even these portions "will stick" till comprehension overtakes the idea. Meanwhile an opportunity is afforded, by explaining*

*such obscurities as they occur, to enlarge the child's notions along with his vocabulary. Finally, a very rational penalty for petty wrong-doing lies in the compulsory memorizing of good models, whether in prose or verse ; and this discipline can be enforced beyond the bedside hour.*

*The poems here brought together are not always copied entire. The excuse for this is that natural selection by which our "familiar quotations" are derived without prejudice to what we leave unquoted, or by which the minister deals out a hymn to choir and congregation, omitting this, that and the other stanza, as suits his purpose. That the living poets themselves will, under the circumstances, object to this sort of condensation and abstraction, I have little fear.*

*My thanks are due to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, for their courteous permission to use the copyright poems of Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier which grace this collection ; and to Mrs. Kemble for her obliging revision of her Sonnets.*

W. P. G.

Orange, N. J., 1886.

## KEY TO THE MORALITIES

IMAGED IN THE FOLLOWING SELECTIONS, ACCORDING TO THEIR  
RESPECTIVE NUMBERS.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| Accident of birth, 32, 36, 37,<br>38, 39.    | Choose well, 35.                                 |
| Adam a democratic ancestor,<br>38.           | Circumstances, 32, 36, 37.                       |
| Advice disregarded, 3.                       | Common sense to submit to the<br>inevitable, 67. |
| All needed by each one, 31.                  | Compassion, 22, 23, 24, 25, 34.                  |
| Ambition cherished, 33.                      | Compromise with sin, 78.                         |
| Ambition shunned, 70.                        | Conscience of the better thing,<br>65.           |
| Animal affection, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.             | Conscience the strong retreat,<br>58.            |
| Army that saves, and that de-<br>stroys, 20. | Constancy, 61.                                   |
| Art is long, 46.                             | Contentment, 70.                                 |
| Beauty coincident with duty,<br>51.          | Countrymen are all mankind,<br>39, 81.           |
| Beauty everywhere in nature,<br>74.          | Courage to bear sorrow, 40.                      |
| Beauty in small as well as great,<br>44.     | Cowards fear ills to come, 56.                   |
| Beauty in utility, 34.                       | Cowards tell lies, 62.                           |
| Beauty its own excuse for being,<br>71.      | Day of small things, 28, 29, 30,<br>78.          |
| Benefits forgot, 26.                         | Dead yet not absent, 50.                         |
| Benefits remembered, 6, 14.                  | Death a good morning, 48.                        |
| Be thyself, 63.                              | Death better than slavery, 77,<br>83.            |
| Birth needs no excuses, 39, 53.              | Deathless name, 33.                              |
| Blood nobly shed, 77.                        | Death the common portion, 49.                    |
| Books too much pored over, 69.               | Death the good angel, 43.                        |
| Borrow no trouble, 56.                       | Defects happily made known by<br>an enemy, 64.   |
| Charity, 22, 23, 24, 25, 34.                 | Descent from Adam, 38.                           |
| Charity soils not white hands,<br>40.        | Destroy not, but rather save, 20.                |
| Child the father of the man, 73.             | Do noble things, not dream<br>them, 41.          |
|  | Duty coincident with beauty, 51.                 |

- Duty leads to glory, 52.  
 Duty new with new occasion, 78.  
 Duty whispers *Thou must*, 29, 82.  
 Each and all, 31.  
 Earthly greatness mocked by Time, 17.  
 Enemies may instruct us, 64.  
 Family circle not broken by death, 50.  
 Fatherland, 79, 80, 81.  
 Fear no evil, 56.  
 Fidelity, 5, 7, 75.  
 Filial affection, 11.  
 Fitness of things, 1.  
 Forbearance, 71.  
 Forgiveness of harsh reproof, 64.  
 Forgiveness of injury, 13, 15.  
 Fortune disregarded, 59.  
 Freedom is to remember those in bonds, 55.  
 Freedom's fight, 77, 82, 83.  
 Freedom to worship God, 79.  
 Friend remembered not, 26.  
 Friendship broken and never repaired, 27.  
 Friendship in adversity, 5.  
 Friends of the good great man, 43.  
 Future not to be trusted, 46.  
 Future to be met with courage, 35.  
 Glory of the cause, 77.  
 Glory's way the path of duty, 52.  
 God loves him who loves his fellow-man, 16.  
 God near to man, 82.  
 Good for evil, 13, 15.  
 Goodness in daylight and in dark, 61.  
 Goodness its own reward, 43.  
 Good rather than clever, 41.  
 Goose killed that laid the golden egg, 9.  
 Gratitude superior to offence, 14.  
 Gratitude superior to the threat of death, 12.  
 Grave of the good knight, 42.  
 Greed overreaching itself, 9.  
 Half a loaf better than no bread, 9.  
 Handsome is as handsome does, 34.  
 Heal rather than slay, 20.  
 Heart that watches and receives, 69.  
 Help succors the faithful, 75.  
 Heritage of rich and poor, 49.  
 Higher law, 12.  
 Home influence, 36.  
 Honest man depleted, 61.  
 Honest man the king of men, 39.  
 Hospitality, 13.  
 Humble instruments of good, 29, 78.  
 Humility, 2.  
 Ignorance consigns to obscurity, 37.  
 Imprudence, 3.  
 Independence upon fortune, 59.  
 Independent mind, 39.  
 Independent will, 29.  
 Ingratitude, 26.  
 Integrity put to the test, 10.  
 Irreverence for the dreams of youth, 60.  
 Joy and woe commingled in life, 32.  
 Kind hearts are more than coronets, 38.  
 Kindness reciprocated, 6.  
 Labor and wait, 46.  
 Labor brings rest, 34.

- Lie not, 61.  
 Life beautiful in being dutiful, 51.  
 Life is earnest, 46.  
 Life may be beautiful without length of days, 44.  
 Life may be given in many ways, 53.  
 Life prolonged may be lasting, not living, 45.  
 Life's good-bye, 48.  
 Light not from the east only, 76.  
 Lord of one's self if not of lands, 40, 58, 59.  
 Love of man, love of God, 16.  
 Loyalty to Truth, 53.  
 Magnanimity, 11, 12, 13, 15.  
 Manhood bold in singleness, 29.  
 Manhood's solid earth, 53.  
 Mankind one in spirit, 78.  
 Man master of his fate, 40, 58, 59.  
 Man's a man for all that, 39.  
 Man was made for joy and woe, 32.  
 Marry in haste, repent at leisure, 3.  
 Mercy, 23, 25.  
 Mighty fallen, 17.  
 Mother longed for, 11.  
 Mother's wish realized, 33.  
 Multitude persuading to evil, 10.  
 Music to the listening soul, 65.  
 Nameless, to leave a deathless name, 33.  
 Native land forsaken for liberty's sake, 79, 80.  
 Natural piety, 69, 73.  
 Nature a better teacher than books, 69.  
 Necessity laid upon all, 67.  
 New Year's Eve, 68.  
 Nobility in being good, 38.  
 Nobleness enkindles nobleness, 13.  
 Noble things to be done, and not dreamt, 41.  
 Nothing is fair or good alone, 31.  
 One good turn deserves another, 6.  
 Open as the day, 63.  
 Opportunity denied to talent, 37.  
 Outcast compassionated, 24.  
 Parental compassion, 21.  
 Passionate words in vain repented of, 27.  
 Past outgrown, 66.  
 Past to bury its dead, 46.  
 Patience, A, 46.  
 Patience learned of being poor, 40.  
 Patriotism of the soul, 81.  
 Peace among the nations, 19, 68.  
 Perfection in little, 44.  
 Perseverance in the good fight, 54, 76.  
 Physician nobler than the warrior, 20.  
 Pity, 22, 23, 24, 25.  
 Poor but honest, 39.  
 Poor man's inheritance, 40.  
 Posterity remembered in self-sacrifice, 46, 77, 83.  
 Posterity warned by the example of its ancestors, 80.  
 Pride of descent, 38.  
 Pride that scowls on wretchedness, 23.  
 Public service, 52.  
 Quarrel between friends, 27.  
 Rank is but the guinea's stamp, 39.  
 Reciprocal kindness, 6.



- Religious freedom, 79.  
 Reproof to be welcomed, 64.  
 Republic triumphant, 84.  
 Rest comes forth from labor, 34.  
 Rich man's inheritance, 40.  
 Right onward, 75, 78, 9.  
 Right with the minority, 55.  
  
 Save that which was lost, 20.  
 Scorn not the humble, 30.  
 Self-confidence, 29.  
 Self-conquest, 13.  
 Self-importance humbled, 2.  
 Selfishness replaced by public spirit, 52.  
 Self-poise, 53.  
 Self-restraint, 72.  
 Sensuous temptation overcome, 54.  
 Sin for the many, sin for each, 10.  
 Slander destroying friendship, 27.  
 Slaves who fear to speak, 55.  
 Small beginnings, 28, 29.  
 Spiritual growth, 66.  
 Stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things, 60, 66.  
 Still, small voice, 65.  
 Strength fed from within, 53.  
 Studious overmuch, 69.  
 Submission to necessity, 67.  
 Sympathy, 21, 23, 25, 34.  
  
 Talents differ, 1.  
 Talents hidden by ignorance and poverty, 37.  
 Time is fleeting, 46.  
 Time makes ancient good uncouth, 78.  
 Toil makes rest fragrant, 40.  
 Trials faced and not avoided, 61.  
 Truth forever on the scaffold, 78.  
 Truth his utmost skill, 58.  
 Truth is so, 47.  
 Truth rather than triumph to be sought after, 60.  
 Truth's loyal service, 53.  
  
 Vanity, all is vanity, 17.  
 Vices made the ladder to virtue, 60.  
  
 Warrior inferior to the physician, 20.  
 War's discords, 19.  
 War's horrors to no purpose, 18.  
 Will, 29, 57.  
 Wise is brave, 56.  
 Wise is good, 14.  
 Work and despair not, 35.  
 World made up of all sorts of things, 1.  
 Worst man's mate in my own heart, 36.  
  
 Youth's dreams to be revered, 60.

## ALPHA.

O'ER wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,  
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;  
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,  
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.  
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places  
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it, so  
Do these upbear the little world below  
Of Education,—Patience, Love, and Hope.  
Methinks, I see them grouped, in seemly show,  
The straightened arms upraised, the palms aslope,  
And robes that, touching as adown they flow,  
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.  
O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,  
    Love too will sink and die.  
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive  
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;  
And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes  
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,  
Woos back the fleeting spirit and half-supplies;—  
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.  
Yet haply there will come a weary day  
    When, overtasked at length,  
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.  
Then, with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,  
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,  
And, both supporting, does the work of both.

COLERIDGE (*Love, Hope, and Patience in Education*).



## BEDSIDE POETRY.

---

### 1

**T**HE mountain and the squirrel  
Had a quarrel;  
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."  
Bun replied,  
"You are doubtless very big;  
But all sorts of things and weather  
Must be taken in together  
To make up a year  
And a sphere.  
And I think it no disgrace  
To occupy my place.  
If I'm not so large as you,  
You are not so small as I,  
And not half so spry.  
I'll not deny you make  
A very pretty squirrel track;  
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;  
If I cannot carry forests on my back,  
Neither can you crack a nut."

EMERSON (*Fable*).

## 2

A POET'S cat, sedate and grave  
As poet well could wish to have,  
Was much addicted to inquire  
For nooks to which she might retire,  
And where, secure as mouse in chink,  
She might repose, or sit and think.  
I know not where she caught the trick —  
Nature perhaps herself had cast her  
In such a mould philosophique,  
Or else she learned it of her master.  
Sometimes ascending, debonair,  
An apple-tree or lofty pear,  
Lodged with convenience in the fork,  
She watched the gardener at his work;  
Sometimes her ease and solace sought  
In an old empty watering-pot;  
There, wanting nothing save a fan,  
To seem some nymph in her sedan,  
Apparelled in exactest sort,  
And ready to be borne to court.  
But love of change, it seems, has place

Not only in our wiser race;  
Cats also feel, as well as we,  
That passion's force, and so did she.  
Her climbing, she began to find,  
Exposed her too much to the wind,  
And the old utensil of tin  
Was cold and comfortless within:  
She therefore wished, instead of those,  
Some place of more serene repose,  
Where neither cold might come, nor air  
Too rudely wanton with her hair;  
And sought it, in the likeliest mode,  
Within her master's snug abode.

A drawer, it chanced, at bottom lined  
With linen of the softest kind,  
With such as merchants introduce  
From India, for the ladies' use,—  
A drawer impending o'er the rest,  
Half open in the topmost chest,  
Of depth enough, and none to spare,  
Invited her to slumber there.  
Puss, with delight beyond expression,  
Surveyed the scene and took possession.  
Recumbent at her ease, ere long,  
And lulled by her own humdrum song,

She left the cares of life behind,  
And slept as she would sleep her last,  
When in came, housewifely inclined,  
The chambermaid, and shut it fast;  
By no malignity impelled,  
But all unconscious whom it held.

Awakened by the shock, cried Puss:  
"Was ever cat attended thus?  
The open drawer was left, I see,  
Merely to prove a nest for me;  
For soon as I was well composed,  
Then came the maid, and it was closed.  
How smooth these 'kerchiefs, and how sweet!  
Oh, what a delicate retreat!  
I will resign myself to rest  
Till Sol, declining in the west,  
Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,  
Susan will come and let me out."

The evening came, the sun descended,  
And Puss remained still unattended.  
The night rolled tardily away  
(With her, indeed, 'twas never day),  
The sprightly morn her course renewed,  
The evening gray again ensued,  
And Puss came into mind no more

Than if entombed the day before.  
With hunger pinched, and pinched for room,  
She now presaged approaching doom,  
Nor slept a single wink, or purred,  
Conscious of jeopardy incurred.

That night, by chance, the poet watching  
Heard an inexplicable scratching;  
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,  
And to himself he said—"What's that?"  
He drew the curtain at his side,  
And forth he peeped, but nothing spied;  
Yet, by his ear directed, guessed  
Something imprisoned in the chest,  
And, doubtful what, with prudent care  
Resolved it should continue there.  
At length a voice which well he knew,  
A long and melancholy mew,  
Saluting his poetic ears,  
Consoled him and dispelled his fears:  
He left his bed, he trod the floor,  
He 'gan in haste the drawers explore,  
The lowest first, and without stop  
The rest in order to the top.  
For 'tis a truth well known to most,  
That whatsoever thing is lost,



We seek it, ere it come to light,  
In every cranny but the right.  
Forth skipped the cat, not now replete  
As erst with airy self-conceit,  
Nor in her own fond apprehension  
A theme for all the world's attention,  
But modest, sober, cured of all  
Her notions hyperbolical,  
And wishing for a place of rest  
Anything rather than a chest.  
Then stepped the poet into bed,  
With this reflection in his head:

Beware of too sublime a sense  
Of your own worth and consequence:  
The man who dreams himself so great,  
And his importance of such weight,  
That all around, in all that's done,  
Must move and act for him alone,  
Will learn in school of tribulation  
The folly of his expectation.

COWPER (*The Retired Cat*).

## 3

IT chanced, then, on a winter's day,  
But warm and bright and calm as May,  
The birds, conceiving a design  
To forestall sweet St. Valentine,  
In many an orchard, copse, and grove  
Assembled on affairs of love,  
And, with much twitter and much chatter,  
Began to agitate the matter.  
At length a Bullfinch, who could boast  
More years and wisdom than the most,  
Entreated, opening wide his beak,  
A moment's liberty to speak;  
And, silence publicly enjoined,  
Delivered briefly thus his mind:

“My friends! be cautious how ye treat  
The subject upon which we meet;  
I fear we shall have winter yet.”

A Finch, whose tongue knew no control,  
With golden wing and satin poll,  
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried  
What marriage means, thus pert replied:

"Methinks the gentleman," quoth she,  
"Opposite in the apple-tree,  
By his good will would keep us single  
Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle,  
Or (which is likelier to befall)  
Till death exterminate us all.  
I marry without more ado;  
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you?"

Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,  
Turning short round, strutting, and sidling,  
Attested, glad, his approbation  
Of an immediate conjugation.  
Their sentiments so well expressed  
Influenced mightily the rest:  
All paired, and each pair built a nest.

But, though the birds were thus in haste,  
The leaves came on not quite so fast;  
And Destiny, that sometimes bears  
An aspect stern on man's affairs,  
Not altogether smiled on theirs.  
The wind, of late breathed gently forth,  
Now shifted east, and east by north.  
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,  
Could shelter them from rain or snow:  
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,

Themselves were chilled, their eggs were addled.  
Soon every father bird and mother  
Grew quarrelsome and pecked each other,  
Parted without the least regret  
Except that they had ever met,  
And learned in future to be wiser  
Than to neglect a good adviser.

Misses! the tale that I relate  
This lesson seems to carry—  
Choose not alone a proper mate,  
But proper time to marry.

COWPER (*Pairing Time Anticipated*).

## 4

**T**HE deep affections of the breast  
That Heaven to living things imparts,  
Are not exclusively possessed  
By human hearts.

A parrot, from the Spanish Main,  
Full young, and early caged, came o'er  
With bright wings to the bleak domain  
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won  
His plumage of resplendent hue,  
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,  
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,  
A heathery land and misty sky,  
And turned on rocks and raging surf  
His golden eye.

But, petted, in our climate cold  
He lived and chattered many a day;  
Until, with age, from green and gold  
His wings grew gray.

At last, when, blind and seeming dumb,  
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,  
A Spanish stranger chanced to come  
To Mulla's shore;

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,  
The bird in Spanish speech replied,  
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech,  
Dropped down, and died.

CAMPBELL (*The Parrot*).

## 5

THE greenhouse is my summer seat;  
My shrubs, displaced from that retreat,  
Enjoyed the open air;  
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song  
Had been their mutual solace long,  
Lived happy prisoners there.

They sang as blithe as finches sing  
That flutter loose on golden wing,  
And frolic where they list;  
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,  
But that delight they never knew,  
And therefore never missed.

But Nature works in every breast,  
With force not easily suppressed;  
And Dick felt some desires  
That, after many an effort vain,  
Instructed him at length to gain  
A pass between his wires.

The open windows seemed to invite  
The freeman to a farewell flight;  
    But Tom was still confined;  
And Dick, although his way was clear,  
Was much too generous and sincere  
    To leave his friend behind.

So, settling on his cage, by play,  
And chirp, and kiss, he seemed to say:  
    You must not live alone;—  
Nor would he quit that chosen stand  
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,  
    Returned him to his own.

O ye, who never taste the joys  
Of friendship, satisfied with noise,  
    Fandango, ball, and rout!  
Blush when I tell you how a bird  
A prison with a friend preferred  
    To liberty without.

COWPER (*The Faithful Bird*).



## 6

**A**NDROCLES from his injured lord, in dread  
Of instant death, to Libya's desert fled.  
Tired with his toilsome flight, and parched with  
heat,

He spied at length a cavern's cool retreat,  
But scarce had given to rest his weary frame  
When, hugest of his kind, a lion came :  
He roared approaching, but the savage din  
To plaintive murmurs changed, arrived within ;  
And, with expressive looks, his lifted paw  
Presenting, aid implored from whom he saw.  
The fugitive, through terror at a stand,  
Dared not awhile afford his trembling hand,  
But, bolder grown, at length inherent found  
A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.  
The cure was wrought ; he wiped the sanious blood,  
And firm and free from pain the lion stood.  
Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day  
Regales his inmate with the parted prey ;  
Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepared,  
Spread on the ground, and with a lion shared.

But thus to live—still lost—sequestered still—  
Scarce seemed his lord's revenge a heavier ill.  
Home! native home! O might he but repair!  
He must, he will, though death attends him there.  
He goes, and, doomed to perish, on the sands  
Of the full theatre unpitied stands:  
When lo! the self-same lion from his cage  
Flies to devour him, famished into rage.  
He flies, but viewing in his purposed prey  
The man, his healer, pauses on his way,  
And, softened by remembrance into sweet  
And kind composure, crouches at his feet.

Mute with astonishment the assembly gaze:  
But why, ye Romans! Whence your mute  
amaze?

All this is natural: Nature bade him rend  
An enemy; she bids him spare a friend.

COWPER (*Reciprocal Kindness*).

## 7

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears,  
A cry as of a dog or fox;  
He halts—and searches with his eyes  
Among the scattered rocks;  
And now at distance can discern  
A stirring in a brake of fern;  
And instantly a dog is seen,  
Glancing through that covert green.

The Dog is not of mountain breed;  
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;  
With something, as the Shepherd thinks,  
Unusual in its cry;  
Nor is there any one in sight  
All round, in hollow or on height;  
Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear;  
What is the Creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
That keeps till June December's snow;  
A lofty precipice in front,  
A silent tarn below!

Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
Remote from public road or dwelling,  
Pathway, or cultivated land;  
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;  
The crags repeat the raven's croak,  
In symphony austere;  
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—  
And mists that spread the flying shroud;  
And sunbeams; and the sounding blast  
That, if it could, would hurry past;  
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while  
The Shepherd stood; then makes his way  
Towards the Dog, o'er rocks and stones,  
As quickly as he may;  
Nor far had gone before he found  
A human skeleton on the ground.  
The appalled discoverer, with a sigh,  
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
The Man had fallen, that place of fear!

At length upon the Shepherd's mind  
It breaks, and all is clear:  
He instantly recalled the name,  
And who he was, and whence he came;  
Remembered, too, the very day  
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
This lamentable tale I tell!  
A lasting monument of words  
This wonder merits well.  
The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
Repeating the same timid cry,  
This Dog had been, through three months' space,  
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day  
When this ill-fated traveller died,  
The Dog had watched about the spot,  
Or by his Master's side:  
How nourished here through such long time  
He knows who gave that love sublime,  
And gave that strength of feeling, great  
Above all human estimate.

WORDSWORTH (*Fidelity*).

## 8

LIE here, without a record of thy worth,  
Beneath a covering of the common earth!  
It is not from unwillingness to praise,  
Or want of love, that here no Stone we raise;  
More thou deserv'st, but *this* Man gives to Man,  
Brother to Brother—*this* is all we can.  
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear  
Shall find thee through all changes of the year:  
This Oak points out thy grave; the silent Tree  
Will gladly stand a monument of thee.

I grieved for thee, and wished thy end were  
past,  
And willingly have laid thee here at last:  
For thou hadst lived till everything that cheers,  
In thee had yielded to the weight of years;  
Extreme old age had wasted thee away,  
And left thee but a glimmering of the day;  
Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy knees,—  
I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,  
Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,  
And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.

It came, and we were glad; yet tears were shed:  
Both Man and Woman wept when Thou wert  
dead —

Not only for a thousand thoughts that were,  
Old household thoughts, in which thou hadst thy  
share;

But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee,  
Found scarcely anywhere in like degree!

For Love, that comes to all—the holy sense,  
Best gift of God—in thee was most intense;

A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,  
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind

Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind:

Yea, for thy Fellow-brutes in thee we saw  
The soul of Love, Love's intellectual law.

Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame:  
Our tears from reason and from passion came;  
And therefore shalt thou be an honored name!

WORDSWORTH (*Tribute to the Memory of a Dog*).

## 9

A PEASANT to his lord paid yearly court,  
Presenting pippins, of so rich a sort  
That he, displeased to have a part alone,  
Removed the tree, that all might be his own.  
The tree, too old to travel, though before  
So fruitful, withered, and would yield no more.  
The squire, perceiving all his labor void,  
Cursed his own pains, so foolishly employed.  
And "Oh," he cried, "that I had lived content  
With tribute, small indeed, but kindly meant!  
My avarice has expensive proved to me,—  
Has cost me both my pippins and my tree."

COWPER (*The Cottager and his Landlord*).



## 10

A YOUNGSTER at school, more sedate than the  
rest,  
Had once his integrity put to the test:  
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,  
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was shocked, sir, like you, and answered,  
"Oh, no!  
What! rob our good neighbor! I pray you  
don't go;  
Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread;  
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,  
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;  
If you will go with us, you shall have a share,  
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom pondered—"I see they  
will go;  
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!

Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,  
But staying behind will do him no good.

"If the matter depended alone upon me,  
His apples might hang till they dropped from the  
tree;  
But since they will take them, I think I'll go too,—  
He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,  
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;  
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan:  
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

COWPER (*Pity for Poor Africans*).

## 11

**I** LOVE contemplating—apart  
From all his homicidal glory—  
The traits that soften to our heart  
Napoleon's story.

"Twas when his banners at Boulogne  
Armed in our island every freeman,  
His navy chanced to capture one  
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how—  
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;  
And aye was bent his longing brow  
On England's home.

At last, when care had banished sleep,  
He saw one morning—dreaming—doting—  
An empty hogshead from the deep  
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought  
The livelong day laborious; lurking  
Until he launched a tiny boat  
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond  
Description wretched; such a wherry  
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,  
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field  
It would have made the boldest shudder;  
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,  
No sail—no rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlaced  
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;  
And thus equipped he would have passed  
The foaming billows—

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,  
His little *Argo* sorely jeering;  
Till tidings of him chanced to reach  
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,  
Serene alike in peace and danger;  
And, in his wonted attitude,  
Addressed the stranger:—

“Rash man, that wouldst yon Channel pass  
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned!  
Thy heart with some sweet British lass  
Must be impassioned.”

“I have no sweetheart,” said the lad;  
“But—absent long from one another—  
Great was the longing that I had  
To see my mother.”

“And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said;  
“Ye’ve both my favor fairly won;  
A noble mother must have bred  
So brave a son.”

He gave the tar a piece of gold,  
And, with a flag of truce, commanded  
He should be shipped to England Old,  
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift  
To find a dinner, plain and hearty;  
But *never* changed the coin and gift  
Of Bonapartë.

CAMPBELL (*Napoleon and the British Sailor*).

## 12

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,  
The poor man's hope, the friend without a  
peer,

Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;  
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust  
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,  
Ordained that no man living from that day  
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.—  
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer.—He, proud to show  
How far for love a grateful soul could go,  
And facing death for very scorn and grief  
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),  
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square  
Where once had stood a happy house; and there  
Harangued the tremblers at the scimeter  
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

“Bring me this man,” the caliph cried. The man  
Was brought—was gazed upon. The mutes began

To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!"  
cried he;  
"From bonds far worse Jaffâr delivered me;  
From wants, from shames, from loveless house-  
hold fears;  
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;  
Restored me—loved me—put me on a par  
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffâr?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this  
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,  
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate  
Might smile upon another half as great.  
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;  
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.  
Go: and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,  
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,  
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and hold-  
ing it  
High towards the heaven, as though to meet  
his star,  
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffâr!"

LEIGH HUNT (*Jaffâr*).



## 13

A STRANGER came one night to Yussouf's tent,  
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,  
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,  
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;  
I come to thee for shelter and for food,  
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The  
Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more  
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;  
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store  
As I of His who buildeth over these  
Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,  
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,  
And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold,  
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;  
Depart before the prying day grow bold."  
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,  
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand  
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling  
low,

He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,  
Sobbing: "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;  
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done  
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with  
thee

Into the desert, never to return,  
My one black thought shall ride away from me.  
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,  
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;  
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!"

LOWELL (*Yussouf*).

## 14

LOKMAN the Wise, therefore the Good (for wise  
Is but sage good, seeing with final eyes),  
Was slave once to a lord, jealous though kind,  
Who, piqued sometimes at the man's master  
mind,

Gave him, one day, to see how he would treat  
So strange a grace, a bitter gourd to eat.

With simplest reverence, and no surprise,  
The sage received what stretched the donor's  
eyes;

And, piece by piece, as though it had been food  
To feast and gloat on, every morsel chewed;  
And so stood eating, with his patient beard,  
Till all the nauseous favor disappeared.

Vexed, and confounded, and disposed to find  
Some ground of scorn on which to ease his mind,  
"Lokman!" exclaimed his master, "in God's  
name,

Where could the veriest slave get soul so tame?

Have all my favors been bestowed amiss?  
Or could not brains like thine have saved thee  
this?"

Calmly stood Lokman still, as duty stands—  
"Have I received," he answered, "at thine hands  
Favors so sweet they went to mine heart's root,  
And could I not accept one bitter fruit?"

"O Lokman!" said his lord (and as he spoke,  
For very love his words in softness broke),  
"Take but this favor yet:—Be slave no more;  
Be, as thou art, my friend and counsellor.  
Oh be; nor let me quit thee, self-aborred:  
'Tis I that am the slave, and thou the lord."

LEIGH HUNT (*The Bitter Gourd*).

## 15

SAINT PATRICK, slave to Milcho of the herds  
Of Ballymen, awakened with these words:

“Arise, and flee  
Out from the land of bondage, and be free!”

Glad as a soul in pain who hears from heaven  
The angels singing of his sins forgiven,

And, wondering, sees  
His prison opening to their golden keys,

He rose a man who laid him down a slave,  
Shook from his locks the ashes of the grave,

And outward trod  
Into the glorious liberty of God.

He cast the symbols of his shame away;  
And, passing where the sleeping Milcho lay,  
Though back and limb  
Smarted with wrong, he prayed, “God pardon  
him!”

So went he forth; but in God's time he came  
To light on Uilline's hills a holy flame;

And, dying, gave  
The land a saint that lost him as a slave.

WHITTIER (*The Proclamation*).

## 16

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold.  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,  
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,  
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."  
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night  
It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had  
blessed,

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT (*Abou ben Adhem*).

## 17

I MET a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of  
stone

Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive (stamped on these lifeless  
things)

The hand that mocked them and the heart that  
fed;

And on the pedestal these words appear:

“My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!”  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

SHELLEY (*Ozymandias*).



## 18

**I**T was a summer evening;  
Old Kaspar's work was done,  
And he before his cottage door  
Was sitting in the sun;  
And by him sported on the green  
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round,  
Which he beside the rivulet  
In playing there had found;  
He came to ask what he had found  
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And, with a natural sigh,  
"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,  
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,  
For there's many here about;  
And often, when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out.  
For many thousand men," said he,  
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"  
Young Peterkin he cries;  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes;  
"Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,  
"Who put the French to rout;  
But what they fought each other for,  
I could not well make out.  
But everybody said," quoth he,  
"That 'twas a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by;  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly:

So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide,  
And many a childing mother then  
And new-born baby died:  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.

“They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won;  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun:  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won,  
And our good Prince Eugene.”  
“Why, ’twas a very wicked thing!”  
Said little Wilhelmine.  
“Nay — nay — my little girl,” quoth he,  
“It was a famous victory.

“And everybody praised the Duke

Who this great fight did win.”

“But what good came of it at last?”

Quoth little Peterkin.

“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,

“But ’twas a famous victory.”

SOUTHEY (*The Battle of Blenheim*).

## 19

**T**HIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished  
arms;

But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!  
What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's  
song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamor,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and  
courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!  
And every nation that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then  
cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,  
"Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the  
skies!  
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.  
LONGFELLOW (*The Arsenal at Springfield*).

## 20

As Life's unending column pours,  
Two marshalled hosts are seen,—  
Two armies on the trampled shores  
That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,  
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,  
And bears, upon a crimson scroll,  
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,  
With sad yet watchful eyes,  
Calm as the patient planet's gleam  
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,  
No blood-red pennons wave;  
Its banner bears the single line,  
"Our duty is to save."

HOLMES (*The Two Armies*).



## 21

CAN I see another's woe  
And not be in sorrow too?  
Can I see another's grief  
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear  
And not feel my sorrow's share?  
Can a father see his child  
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear  
An infant groan, an infant fear?  
No, no! never can it be!  
Never, never can it be!

BLAKE (*On Another's Sorrow*).

## 22

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to  
your door,  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;  
Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,  
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened  
years ;  
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek  
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,  
With tempting aspect drew me from my road ;  
For Plenty there a residence has found,  
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !  
Here, craving for a morsel of their bread,  
A pampered menial forced me from the door,  
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;  
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!  
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
For I am poor and miserably old.

THOMAS MOSS (*The Beggar*).

## 23

SWEET Mercy! how my very heart has bled  
To see thee, poor Old Man! and thy gray  
hairs

Hoar with the snowy blast: while no one cares  
To clothe thy shrivelled limbs and palsied head.  
My Father! throw away this tattered vest  
That mocks thy shivering! take my garment—  
use

A young man's arm! I'll melt these frozen dew  
That hang from thy white beard and numb thy  
breast.

My Sara too shall tend thee, like a child:  
And thou shalt talk, in our fireside's recess,  
Of purple pride that scowls on wretchedness.  
He did not so, the Galilean mild,  
Who met the Lazars turned from rich men's  
doors,  
And called them Friends, and healed their noisome  
sores!

COLERIDGE.

## 24

**O**H ye! who, sunk in beds of down,  
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,  
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate  
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!  
Ill-satisfied keen nature's clamorous call,  
Stretched on his straw he lays himself to sleep,  
While, through the ragged roof and chinky wall,  
Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drift heap!  
Think on the dungeon's grim confine,  
Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress:  
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!  
BURNS (*A Winter Night*).

## 25

AH! bleak and barren was the moor,  
Ah! loud and piercing was the storm;  
The cottage roof was sheltered sure,  
The cottage hearth was bright and warm.  
An orphan-boy the lattice passed,  
And, as he marked its cheerful glow,  
Felt doubly keen the midnight blast,  
And doubly cold the fallen snow.

They marked him as he onward pressed,  
With fainting heart and weary limb;  
Kind voices bade him turn and rest,  
And gentle faces welcomed him.  
The dawn is up—the guest is gone,  
The cottage hearth is blazing still:  
Heaven pity all poor wanderers lone!  
Hark to the wind upon the hill!

THACKERAY.

## 26

**B**LOW, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remembered not.

SHAKSPERE (*As You Like It*).

## 27

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
And constancy lives in realms above;  
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother:  
They parted—ne'er to meet again!  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining—  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;  
A dreary sea now flows between;—  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.

COLERIDGE (*Christabel*).



## 28

**T**HESE little firs to-day are things  
To clasp into a giant's cap,  
Or fans to suit his lady's lap.  
From many winters many springs  
Shall cherish them in strength and sap,  
Till they be marked upon the map,  
A wood for the wind's wanderings.

All seed is in the sower's hands :  
And what at first was trained to spread  
Its shelter for some single head,—  
Yea, even such fellowship of wands,—  
May hide the sunset, and the shade  
Of its great multitude be laid  
Upon the earth and elder sands.

D. G. ROSSETTI (*A Young Fir-Wood*).

## 29

O TRUTH! O Freedom! how are ye still born  
In the rude stable, in the manger nursed!  
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn  
Through which the splendors of the New Day  
burst!

Who is it will not dare himself to trust?  
Who is it hath not strength to stand alone?  
Who is it thwarts and bilks the inward MUST?  
He and his works, like sand, from earth are  
blown.

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,  
And by the Present's lips repeated still,  
In our own single manhood to be bold,  
Fortressed in conscience and impregnable will?

We stride the river daily at its spring,  
Nor, in our childish thoughtlessness, foresee  
What myriad vassal streams shall tribute bring,  
How like an equal it shall greet the sea.

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,  
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain !  
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,  
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

LOWELL (*To W. L. Garrison*).

## 30

**S**MALL service is true service while it lasts :  
Of humblest friends, bright creature ! scorn  
not one ;

The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

WORDSWORTH (*In a Child's Album*).

## 31

**L**ITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked  
clown

Of thee from the hill-top looking down;  
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,  
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;  
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,  
Deems not that great Napoleon  
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,  
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;  
Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.  
All are needed by each one;  
Nothing is fair or good alone.  
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,  
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;  
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;  
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,  
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—  
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.  
The delicate shells lay on the shore;

The bubbles of the latest wave  
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;  
And the bellowing of the savage sea  
Greeted their safe escape to me.  
I wiped away the weeds and foam,  
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;  
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things  
Had left their beauty on the shore  
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

EMERSON (*Each and All*).

## 32

EVERY night and every morn.  
Some to misery are born ;  
Every morn and every night  
Some are born to sweet delight ;  
Some are born to sweet delight,  
Some are born to endless night.  
Joy and woe are woven fine,  
A clothing for the soul divine ;  
Under every grief and pine  
Runs a joy with silken twine.  
It is right it should be so :  
Man was made for joy and woe ;  
And when this we rightly know,  
Safely through the world we go.

BLAKE (*Auguries of Innocence*).

## 33

I SAW a mother and her child,—  
A spectacle of every day!  
As many a mother smiles, she smiled,  
He played as any child might play;  
Yet was her heart so full, she turned  
To him who owned a father's name,  
And, while her cheek, all rosy, burned,  
Cried, "May he never come to shame!"  
Her words were oracles: long years  
Have solved the riddle of her fears.

I saw a youth amidst the tide  
Of city life, that ever rolls,  
Wave urging wave, from side to side,  
A soul among a million souls:  
By none acknowledged, knowing none,  
Homeless and hopeless, yet a spark,  
The latest of a secret flame,  
He deeply cherished in the dark,—  
Nameless, to leave a deathless name.

He slept and dreamed his dream anew;  
Years passed—he woke—and found it true!

MONTGOMERY (*Fragment of a Life*).

## 34

AH! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,  
Should be to wet the dusty soil  
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,—  
To struggle with imperious thought  
Until the overburdened brain,  
Weary with labor, faint with pain,  
Like a jarred pendulum, retain  
Only its motion, not its power,—  
Remember, in that perilous hour,  
When most afflicted and oppressed,  
From labor there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate  
On thy advancing steps await,  
Still let it ever be thy pride  
To linger by the laborer's side;



With words of sympathy or song  
To cheer the dreary march along  
Of the great army of the poor,  
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.  
Nor to thyself the task shall be  
Without reward; for thou shalt learn  
The wisdom early to discern  
True beauty in utility.

LONGFELLOW (*To a Child*).

## 35

THE Future hides in it  
Gladness and sorrow;  
We press still thorow,—  
Nought that abides in it  
Daunting us,—onward.

And solemn before us,  
Veiled, the dark Portal,  
Goal of all mortal:—  
Stars silent rest o'er us,  
Graves under us silent!

While earnest thou gazest,  
Comes boding of terror,  
Comes phantasm and error;  
Perplexes the bravest  
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the Voices,  
Heard are the Sages,  
The Worlds and the Ages:

“Choose well, your choice is  
Brief, and yet endless

“Here eyes do regard you  
In Eternity’s stillness;  
Here is all fulness,  
Ye brave! to reward you;  
Work, and despair not!”

GOETHE, translated by CARLYLE (*Symbolum*).

## 36

LOOKING within myself, I note how thin  
A plank of station, chance, or prosperous  
fate

Doth fence me from the clutching waves of  
sin :

In my own heart I find the worst man's  
mate,

And see not dimly the smooth-hinged gate  
That opes to those abysses

Where ye grope darkly,—ye who never knew  
On your young hearts love's consecrating dew,  
Or felt a mother's kisses,

Or home's restraining tendrils round you  
curled.

Ah, side by side with heart's-ease in this world  
The fatal nightshade grows, and bitter rue !

LOWELL (*Si Descendero in Infernum, Ades*).

## 37

PERHAPS in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial  
fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have  
swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

GRAY (*Elegy in a Country Churchyard*).

## 38

**T**RUST me, Clara Vere de Vere,  
From yon blue heavens above us bent  
The gardener Adam and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent.  
Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good.  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON (*Lady Clara Vere de Vere*).

## 39

**I**S THERE, for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and a' that?  
The coward slave, we pass him by,  
We dare be poor for a' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that,  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
A man's a man, for a' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, and a' that;  
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd "a lord,"  
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;

Though hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that :  
For a' that, and a' that,  
His riband, star, and a' that ;  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that,  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that !  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities, and a' that,  
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth  
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may —  
As come it will for a' that —  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
Shall bear the gree, and a' that ;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's comin' yet for a' that,  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that !

BURNS.



## 40

**T**HE rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,  
And he inherits soft white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares :  
The bank may break, the factory burn,  
A breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft white hands could hardly earn  
A living that would serve his turn ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
A patience learned of being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow-feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil  
That with all others level stands:  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whiten, soft white hands,—  
This is the best crop from thy lands;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;  
There is worse weariness than thine,  
In merely being rich and great;  
Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

LOWELL (*The Heritage*).

## 41

**M**Y fairest child, I have no song to give you ;  
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and  
gray :

Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you  
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;  
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long ;  
And so make Life, Death, and that vast Forever  
One grand, sweet song.

KINGSLEY (*A Farewell*).

## 42

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn ?  
Where may the grave of that good man  
be ?—

By the side of a spring, on the breast of Hel-  
vellyn,

Under the twigs of a young birch tree !

The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,

And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,

And whistled and roared in the winter alone,

Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.—

The Knight's bones are dust,

And his good sword rust :—

His soul is with the saints, I trust.

COLERIDGE (*The Knight's Tomb*).

## 43

**H**ow seldom, Friend! a good great man  
inherits

Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!  
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits  
If any man obtain that which he merits,  
Or any merit that which he obtains.

For shame, dear Friend! renounce this canting  
strain!

What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?  
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain—  
Or throne of corses which his sword hath  
slain?—

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!  
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,  
The good great man?—three treasures, love and  
light,

And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;—  
And three firm friends, more sure than day  
and night—

Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

COLERIDGE (*Complaint, and Reproof*).

## 44

IT is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make Man better be;  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:

A lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May,  
Although it fall and die that night —  
It was the plant and flower of Light.  
In small proportions we just beauties see;  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

## 45

**A** WEARIED pilgrim I have wandered here  
Twice five-and-twenty, bate me but one  
year;

Long I have lasted in this world, 'tis true,  
But yet those years that I have lived, but few.  
Who by his gray hairs doth his lustres tell,  
Lives not those years, but he that lives them  
well:

One man has reached his sixty years, but he  
Of all those three-score has not lived half three:  
He lives who lives to virtue; men who cast  
Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last.

HERRICK.

## 46

LIFE is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way,  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act,—act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!



Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of Time,—

Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

LONGFELLOW (*A Psalm of Life*).

## 47

IT fortifies my soul to know  
That, though I perish, Truth is so:  
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,  
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change:  
I steadier step when I recall  
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

CLOUGH.

## 48

LIFE! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part;  
And when, or how, or where we meet  
I own to me 's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter  
clime  
Bid me Good Morning.

BARBAULD (*Life and Death*).

## 49

**F**EAR no more the heat o' the sun  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finished joy and moan:  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

SHAKSPERE (*Cymbeline*).

## 50

WE are all here!  
Father, mother,  
Sister, brother,

All who hold each other dear.  
Each chair is filled—we're all *at home*;  
To-night let no cold stranger come;  
It is not often thus around  
Our old familiar hearth we're found.  
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;  
For once be every care forgot;  
Let gentle Peace assert her power,  
And kind Affection rule the hour;  
We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here!  
Some are away—the dead ones dear,  
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,  
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.  
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,  
Looked in and thinned our little band;

Some like a night-flash passed away,  
And some sank, lingering, day by day;  
The quiet graveyard — some lie there —  
And cruel Ocean has his share —

We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here!

Even they — the dead — though dead, so dear.  
Fond Memory, to her duty true,  
Brings back their faded forms to view.  
How life-like, through the mist of years,  
Each well-remembered face appears!  
We see them as in times long past;  
From each to each kind looks are cast;  
We hear their words, their smiles behold,  
They're round us as they were of old —

We *are* all here.

SPRAGUE (*The Family Meeting*).

## 51

I SLEPT, and dreamed that life was Beauty;  
I woke, and found that life was Duty.  
Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie?  
Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly;  
And thou shalt find thy dream to be  
A truth and noonday light to thee.

HOOPER (*Life a Duty*).

## 52

YEA, let all good things await  
Him who cares not to be great  
But as he saves or serves the state.  
Not once or twice, in our rough island-story,  
The path of Duty was the way to glory:  
He that walks it, only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self, before his journey closes  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples, which outred  
All voluptuous garden-roses.  
Not once or twice, in our fair island-story,  
The path of Duty was the way to glory:  
He that, ever following her commands,  
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
Through the long gorge to the far light has won  
His path upward, and prevailed,  
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining table-lands  
To which our God himself is moon and sun.

TENNYSON (*Wellington*).

## 53

LIFE may be given in many ways,  
And loyalty to Truth be sealed  
As bravely in the closet as the field,  
So bountiful is Fate;  
But then to stand beside her  
When craven churls deride her,  
To front a lie in arms and not to yield —  
This shows, methinks, God's plan  
And measure of a stalwart man,  
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,  
Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,  
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,  
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

LOWELL (*Commemoration Ode*).



## 54

**E**ARTH cannot show so brave a sight  
As when a single soul does fence  
The battery of alluring sense;  
And Heaven views it with delight.

Then persevere; for still new charges sound,  
And if thou overcom'st thou shalt be crowned.

**MARVELL** (*Dialogue between the Resolved Soul and  
Created Pleasure*).

## 55

**M**EN! whose boast it is that ye  
Come of fathers brave and free,  
If there breathe on earth a slave,  
Are ye truly free and brave?  
If ye do not feel the chain  
When it works a brother's pain,  
Are ye not base slaves indeed,  
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is true Freedom but to break  
Fetters for our own dear sake,  
And, with leathern hearts, forget  
That we owe mankind a debt?  
No! true freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear,  
And, with heart and hand, to be  
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

LOWELL (*Stanzas on Freedom*).

## 56

**T**HE timid it concerns to ask their way,  
And fear what foe in caves and swamps  
can stray;  
To make no step until the event is known;  
And ills to come, as evils past, bemoan.  
Not so the Wise. No coward watch he keeps  
To spy what danger on his pathway creeps.  
Go where he will, the wise man is at home —  
His hearth, the earth; his hall, the azure dome.  
Where his clear spirit leads him, there his road,  
By God's own light illumined and foreshowed.

EMERSON (*On Henry Thoreau*).

## 57

O WELL for him whose will is strong!  
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;  
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong;  
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,  
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,  
Who seems a promontory of rock,  
That, compassed round with turbulent sound,  
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,  
Tempest-buffeted, citadel crowned.

TENNYSON (*Will*).

## 58

**H**ow happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied unto the world by care  
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Nor vice; hath never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise,—  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend!

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

WOTTON (*Character of a Happy Life*).

## 59

**T**URN, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the  
proud ;

Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm,  
and cloud ;

Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown ;  
With that wild wheel we go not up or down ;  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile, and we smile, the lords of many lands ;  
Frown, and we smile, the lords of our own hands ;  
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd ;  
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud ;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

TENNYSON (*Enid*).

## 60

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events  
That with the hour begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The longing for ignoble things;  
The strife for triumph more than truth;  
The hardening of the heart, that brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds  
That have their root in thoughts of ill;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will;—



All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright fields of fair renown  
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,  
When nearer seen, and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear  
Their solid bastions to the skies,  
Are crossed by pathways, that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.  
LONGFELLOW (*The Ladder of St. Augustine*).

## 61

WHO is the honest man?  
He that doth still and strongly good  
pursue,  
To God, his neighbor, and himself most true:  
Whom neither force nor fawning can  
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not  
So loose or easy that a ruffling wind  
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind:  
Who rides his sure and even trot,  
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,  
Nor seeks nor shuns them; but doth calmly  
stay,  
Till he the thing and the example weigh:  
All being brought into a sum,  
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo  
To use in anything a trick or sleight;  
For above all things he abhors deceit:  
His words and works and fashion too  
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws  
At close temptations: when the day is done,  
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run:  
The sun to others writeth laws,  
And is their virtue; Virtue is his Sun.

Whom nothing can procure,  
When the wide world runs bias, from his will  
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend, the ill.  
This is the Mark-man safe and sure,  
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.  
GEORGE HERBERT (*Constancy*).

## 62

LIE not; but let thy heart be true to God,  
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:  
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;  
The stormy-working soul spits lies and froth.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:  
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

GEORGE HERBERT (*The Church Porch*).

## 63

BUT if thou do thy best,  
Without remission, without rest,  
And invite the sunbeam,  
And abhor to feign or seem  
Even to those who thee should love  
And thy behavior approve;  
If thou go in thine own likeness,—  
Be it health or be it sickness,—  
If thou go as thy father's son,  
If thou wear no mask or lie,  
Dealing purely and nakedly,—. . .

EMERSON.

## 64

GENTLY I took that which ungently came,  
And without scorn forgave.—Do thou the  
same.

A wrong done to thee think a cat's-eye spark  
Thou wouldst not see, were not thine own  
heart dark.

Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for  
sin,

Fear that—the spark self-kindled from within,  
Which blown upon will blind thee with its glare,  
Or smothered stifle thee with noisome air.

Clap on the extinguisher, pull up the blinds,  
And soon the ventilated spirit finds

Its natural daylight. If a foe have kenned,  
Or worse than foe, an alienated friend,

A rib of dry rot in thy ship's stout side,  
Think it God's message, and in humble pride  
With heart of oak replace it;—thine the gains—  
Give him the rotten timber for his pains!

COLERIDGE (*"Beareth all things"*).

## 65

ARE there not, then, two musics unto men?—  
One loud and bold and coarse,  
And overpowering still perforce  
All tone and tune beside;  
Yet, in despite its pride,  
Only of fumes of foolish fancy bred,  
And sounding solely in the sounding head:  
The other soft and low,  
Stealing whence we not know,  
Painfully heard, and easily forgot,  
With pauses oft and many a silence strange,  
(And silent oft it seems when silent it is not,)  
Revivals, too, of unexpected change:  
Haply thou think'st 'twill never be begun,  
Or that 't has come, and been, and passed away;  
Yet turn to other none,—  
Turn not, O, turn not thou!  
But listen, listen, listen,—if haply be heard it  
may;  
Listen, listen, listen,—is it not sounding now?

Yea, and as thought of some belovèd friend  
By death or distance parted will descend,  
Severing, in crowded rooms ablaze with light,  
As by a magic screen, the seer from the sight,  
(Palsying the nerves that intervene  
The eye and central sense between,)

So may the ear,  
Hearing, not hear,  
Though drums do roll, and pipes and cymbals  
ring ;  
So the bare conscience of the better thing  
Unfelt, unseen, unimaged, all unknown,  
May fix the entrancèd soul 'mid multitudes  
alone.

CLOUGH.

## 66

**T**HIS is the ship of pearl which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main,—  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their  
streaming hair.

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the  
old no more.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!



Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting  
sea!

HOLMES (*The Chambered Nautilus*).

## 67

'**T**IS common sense, and human wit  
Can claim no higher name than it.  
Submit, submit!

For tell me, then, in earth's great laws  
Have you found any saving clause?  
Exemption special granted you  
From doing what the rest must do?  
Of common sense who made you quit,  
And told you you'd no need of it?  
Nor to submit?

This stern necessity of things  
On every side our being rings;  
Our eager aims, still questing round,  
Find exit none from that great bound.  
Where once her law dictates the way,  
The wise thinks only to obey,  
Take life as she has ordered it,  
And, come what may of it, submit,  
Submit, submit!

Who take implicitly her will,  
For these her vassal chances still  
Bring store of joys, successes, pleasures;  
But whoso ponders, weighs, and measures,  
She calls her torturers up to goad  
With spur and scourges on the road.  
O, lest you yield not timely, ere  
Her lips that mandate pass, beware!  
Beware, beware!

'Tis common sense! and human wit  
Can claim no higher name than it.  
Submit, submit!  
Necessity! And who shall dare  
Bring to her feet excuse or prayer?  
Beware, beware!

We must, we must:  
Howe'er we turn, and pause, and tremble,  
Howe'er we shrink, deceive, dissemble,  
Whate'er our doubting, grief, disgust,  
The hand is on us, and we must;  
We must, we must.  
'Tis common sense, and human wit  
Can find no better name than it.  
Submit, submit!

Clough.

## 68

**R**ING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief, that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON (*In Memoriam*).

## 69

UP! up! my Friend, and quit your books,  
Or surely you'll grow double:  
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;  
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,  
A freshening lustre mellow  
Through all the long green fields has spread,  
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:  
Come, hear the woodland Linnet,  
How sweet his music! on my life,  
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the Throstle sings!  
He, too, is no mean preacher:  
Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher.

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

Enough of Science and of Art;  
Close up these barren leaves;  
Come forth, and bring with you a heart  
That watches and receives.

WORDSWORTH (*The Tables Turned*).

## 70

UNDER the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat—  
Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

SHAKSPERE (*As You Like It*).



## 71

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.  
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,  
Made the black water with their beauty gay;  
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.  
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,  
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:  
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!  
I never thought to ask, I never knew;  
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose  
The self-same Power that brought me there  
brought you.

EMERSON (*The Rhodora*).

## 72

HAST thou named all the birds without a gun?  
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its  
stalk?

At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?  
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?  
And loved so well a high behavior,  
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,  
Nobility more nobly to repay?  
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

EMERSON (*Forbearance*).

## 73

**M**<sup>Y</sup> heart leaps up when I behold  
A Rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began,

So is it now I am a Man;

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die!

The Child is Father of the Man;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

WORDSWORTH.

## 74

**T**<sup>HOU</sup> canst not wave thy staff in air,  
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,

But it carves the bow of beauty there,

And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.

EMERSON (*Woodnotes*).

## 75

WHEN the enemy is near thee,  
Call on us!

In our hands we will upbear thee,  
He shall neither scathe nor scare thee,  
He shall fly thee and shall fear thee.

Call on us!

Call when all good friends have left thee,  
Of all good sights and sounds bereft thee,  
Call when hope and heart are sinking,  
When the brain is sick with thinking,

Help, O help!

Call, and, following close behind thee,  
There shall haste and there shall find thee

Help, sure help.

When the panic comes upon thee,  
When necessity seems on thee,  
Hope and choice have all foregone thee,  
Fate and force are closing o'er thee,  
And but one way stands before thee,

Call on us!

O, and if thou dost not call,  
Be but faithful, that is all!  
Go right on, and close behind thee  
There shall follow still, and find thee,  
Help, sure help.

CLOUGH.

## 76

SAY not, the struggle naught availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light;  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly!  
But westward, look, the land is bright.

CLOUGH.

## 77

WHAT voice did on my spirit fall,  
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?  
"Tis better to have fought and lost  
Than never to have fought at all."

The tricolor—a trampled rag—  
Lies dirt and dust; the lines I track  
By sentries' boxes, yellow, black,  
Lead up to no Italian flag.

I see the Croat soldier stand  
Upon the grass of your redoubts;  
The eagle with his black wing flouts  
The breadth and beauty of your land.

Yet not in vain, although in vain,  
O men of Brescia! on the day  
Of loss past hope, I heard you say  
Your welcome to the noble pain.

You said: "Since so it is, good-bye,  
Sweet life, high hope; but whatsoe'er  
May be, or must, no tongue shall dare  
To tell, 'The Lombard feared to die!'"

You said (there shall be answer fit):  
"And if our children must obey,  
They must; but, thinking on this day,  
'Twill less debase them to submit."

You said (O not in vain you said):  
"Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we may;  
The hours ebb fast of this one day,  
While blood may yet be nobly shed."

Ah! not for idle hatred, not  
For honor, fame, nor self-applause,  
But for the glory of the cause,  
You did what will not be forgot.

And though the stranger stand, 'tis true,  
By force and fortune's right he stands:  
By fortune, which is in God's hands,  
And strength, which yet shall spring in you.



This voice did on my spirit fall,  
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost:  
" 'Tis better to have fought and lost  
Than never to have fought at all."

---

Or shall I say: " Vain word, false thought,  
Since Prudence hath her martyrs too,  
And Wisdom dictates not to do  
Till doing shall be not for naught?"

" Not ours to give or lose is life:  
Will Nature, when her brave ones fall,  
Remake her work? or songs recall  
Death's victim slain in useless strife?"

That rivers flow into the sea  
Is loss and waste, the foolish say,  
Nor know that back they find their way,  
Unseen, to where they went to be.

Showers' fall upon the hills, springs flow,  
The river runneth still at hand,  
Brave men are born into the land,  
And whence, the foolish do not know.

No! no vain voice did on me fall,  
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost:  
" 'Tis better to have fought and lost  
Than never to have fought at all."

CLOUGH (*Peschiera*).

## 78

WHEN a deed is done for Freedom, through  
the broad earth's aching breast  
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from  
east to west,  
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul  
within him climb  
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy  
sublime  
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the stormy  
stem of Time.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct  
bears along,  
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash  
of right or wrong;  
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's  
vast frame  
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush  
of joy or shame:—

In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have  
equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment  
to decide,  
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the  
good or evil side;  
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering  
each the bloom or blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep  
upon the right,  
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that dark-  
ness and that light.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages  
but record  
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old  
systems and the Word;  
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on  
the throne,—  
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind  
the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch  
above his own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and  
what is great,  
Slow of faith, how weak an arm may turn the  
iron helm of fate.  
But the soul is still oracular: amid the market's  
din,  
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic  
cave within:  
"They enslave their children's children who make  
compromise with sin."

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share  
her wretched crust,  
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;  
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the  
coward stands aside,  
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is  
crucified  
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they  
had denied.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes  
ancient good uncouth:

They must upward still, and onward, who would  
keep abreast of Truth.

Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves  
must Pilgrims be,

Launch our *Mayflower*, and steer boldly through  
the desperate winter sea,

Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's  
blood-rusted key.

LOWELL (*The Present Crisis*).

## 79

**T**HE breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tost;

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came :  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear :  
They shook the depths of the desert gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea!  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared  
From his nest by the white waves' foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—  
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim band;—  
Why had *they* come to wither there  
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!



Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod:  
They have left unstained what there they found—  
Freedom to worship God.  
HEMANS (*The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers*).

## 80

HAIL to Posterity!  
Hail, future men of Germanopolis!  
Let the young generations yet to be  
Look kindly upon this.  
Think how your fathers left their native land,—  
Dear German-land, O! sacred hearths and  
homes!—  
And, where the wild beast roams,  
In patience planned  
New forest-homes beyond the mighty sea,  
There, undisturbed and free,  
To live as brothers of one family.  
What pains and cares befell,  
What trials and what fears,  
Remember, and wherein we have done well  
Follow our footsteps, men of coming years!

Where we have failed to do  
Aright, or wisely live,  
Be warned by us, the better way pursue,  
And, knowing we were human, even as you,  
Pity us and forgive!  
Farewell, Posterity!  
Farewell, dear Germany!  
Forevermore farewell!

PASTORIUS, translated by WHITTIER (*Pennsylvania  
Pilgrim*).

## 81

**W**HERE is the true man's fatherland?  
Is it where he by chance is born?  
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn  
In such scant borders to be spanned?  
O yes! his fatherland must be  
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,  
Where God is God and man is man?  
Doth he not claim a broader span  
For the soul's love of home than this?  
O yes! his fatherland must be  
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear  
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,  
Where'er a human spirit strives  
After a life more true and fair,  
There is the true man's birthplace grand,  
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,  
Where'er one man may help another,—  
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—  
That spot of earth is thine and mine!  
There is the true man's birthplace grand,  
His is a world-wide fatherland!

LOWELL (*The Fatherland*).

## 82

IN an age of fops and toys,  
Wanting wisdom, void of right,  
Who shall move heroic boys  
To hazard all in Freedom's fight,—  
Break sharply off their jolly games,  
Forsake their comrades gay,  
And quit proud homes and youthful dames  
For famine, toil, and fray?  
Yet on the nimble air benign  
Speed nimbler messages,  
That waft the breath of grace divine  
To hearts in sloth and ease.  
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*  
The youth replies, *I can.*

EMERSON (*Voluntaries*).

## 83

**B**y the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;  
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;  
And Time the ruined bridge has swept  
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,  
We set to-day a votive stone,  
That memory may their deed redeem  
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare  
To die, or leave their children free,  
Bid Time and Nature gently spare  
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

EMERSON (*Concord Monument*).

## 84

"**S**HE has gone down!" They shout it from  
afar,  
Kings, Nobles, Priests—all men, of every race,  
Whose lagging clogs Time's swift relentless pace:  
"She has gone down, our evil-boding star!—  
Rebellion smitten with Rebellion's sword,  
Anarchy done to death by slavery,  
Of Ancient Right insolent enemy—  
Beneath a hideous cloud of civil war,  
Strife such as heathen slaughterers had abhorred.  
The lawless land where no man was called lord,  
Spurning all wholesome curb, and dreaming free  
Her rabble rule's licentious tyranny,  
In the fierce splendor of her arrogant morn,  
She has gone down—the world's eternal scorn!"

She has gone down! Woe for the world and all  
The weary workers gazing from afar  
At the clear rising of that hopeful star—  
Star of redemption to each weeping thrall  
Of Power decrepit, and of rule outworn;

Beautiful shining of that blessed morn  
Which was to bring leave for the poor to live,  
To work and rest, to labor and to thrive,  
And righteous room for all who nobly strive.  
She has gone down! Woe for the panting world  
Back on its path of progress sternly hurled!  
Land of sufficient harvests for all dearth,  
Home of far-seeing hope, Time's latest birth,  
Woe for the promised land of the whole earth!

Triumph not, fools, and weep not, ye faint-  
hearted!

Have ye believed that the supreme decree  
Of Heaven had given this people o'er to perish?  
Have ye believed that God had ceased to cherish  
This great New World of Christian liberty?  
And its fair light forever had departed?  
Nay—by the precious blood shed to redeem  
The nation from its selfishness and sin,  
By each brave heart that burst in holy strife,  
Leaving its kindred hearts to break through life;  
By all the bitter tears whose source must stream  
Forever every desolate home within,  
We will return to our appointed place,  
First in the vanguard of the human race.

KEMBLE (*Sonnets on the American War*).



## OMEGA.

It is time to be old,  
To take in sail :—  
The god of bounds,  
Who sets to seas a shore,  
Came to me in his fatal rounds,  
And said : "No more !  
No farther shoot  
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root.  
Fancy departs : no more invent ;  
Contract thy firmament  
To compass of a tent.  
There's not enough for this and that,  
Make thy option which of two ;  
Economize the failing river,  
None the less revere the Giver,  
Leave the many and hold the few,  
Timely wise accept the terms,  
Soften the fall with wary foot ;  
A little while  
Still plan and smile,  
And,—fault of novel germs,—  
Mature the unfallen fruit.

Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,  
Bad husbands of their fires,  
Who, when they gave thee breath,  
Failed to bequeath  
The needful sinew stark as once,  
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,  
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,  
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins,—  
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,  
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb.”

As the bird trims her to the gale,  
I trim myself to the storm of time,  
I man the rudder, reef the sail,  
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:  
“Lowly faithful, banish fear,  
Right onward drive unharmed;  
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,  
And every wave is charmed.”

EMERSON (*Terminus*).

## GLOSSARY

### OF CERTAIN SCOTTICISMS.

*a'*, all.

*aboon*, above.

*birkie*, conceited fellow.

*ca'd*, called.

*coaf*, ninny.

*fa'*, try.

*gie*, give.

*gowd*, gold.

*gree*, to bear *the*, to be victorious.

*gude*, good.

*hamely*, homely.

*hodden-gray*, coarse woollen cloth.

*mak*, make.

*mauna*, must not.

*sae*, so.

## LIST OF AUTHORS

WITH THE NUMBERS OF THEIR RESPECTIVE PIECES.

- BARBAULD, Anna Lætitia (1743-1825), English, 48.  
BLAKE, William (1757-1828), English, 21, 32.  
BURNS, Robert (1759-1796), Scotch, 24, 39.  
CAMPBELL, Thomas (1777-1844), Scotch, 4, 11.  
CARLYLE, Thomas (1795-1881), Scotch, 35.  
CLOUGH, Arthur Hugh (1819-1861), English, 47, 65, 67, 75, 76, 77.  
COLERIDGE, Samuel Taylor (1772-1834), English, A, 23, 27, 42, 43, 64.  
COWPER, William (1731-1800), English, 2, 3, 5, 6, 9, 10.  
EMERSON, Ralph Waldo (1803-1882), American, 1, 31, 56, 63, 71, 72, 74, 82, 83, 9.  
GOETHE, Johann Wolfgang von (1749-1832), German, 35.  
GRAY, Thomas (1716-1771), English, 37.  
HEMANS, Felicia Dorothea (1794-1835), English, 79.  
HERBERT, George (1593-1633), English, 61, 62.  
HERRICK, Robert (1591-1634), English, 45.  
HOLMES, Oliver Wendell (born 1809), American, 20, 66.  
HOOPER, Ellen Sturgis (1812-1848), American, 51.  
HUNT, Leigh (1784-1859), English, 12, 14, 16.  
JONSON, Ben (1574-1637), English, 44.  
KEMBLE, Frances Anne (born 1811), English, 84.  
KINGSLEY, Charles (1819-1875), English, 41.  
LONGFELLOW, Henry Wadsworth (1807-1882), American, 19, 34, 46, 60.  
LOWELL, James Russell (born 1819), American, 13, 29, 30, 40, 53, 55, 78, 81.  
MARVELL, Andrew (1620-1678), English, 54.  
MONTGOMERY, James (1771-1854), Scotch, 33.  
MOSS, Thomas (1740-1808), English, 22.  
PASTORIUS, Franz Daniel (1651-1719), German, 80.  
ROSSETTI, Dante Gabriel (1828-1882), English, 28.

- SHAKSPERE, William (1564-1616), English, 20, 49, 70.  
SHELLEY, Percy Bysshe (1792-1822), English, 17.  
SOUTHEY, Robert (1774-1843), English, 18.  
SPRAGUE, Charles (1791-1875), American, 50.  
TENNYSON, Alfred (born 1809), English, 38, 52, 57, 59, 68.  
THACKERAY, William Makepeace (1811-1863), English, 25.  
WHITTIER, John Greenleaf (born 1806), American, 15, 80.  
WORDSWORTH, William (1770-1850), English, 7, 8, 30, 69, 73.  
WOTTON, Henry (1568-1639), English, 58.

## INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

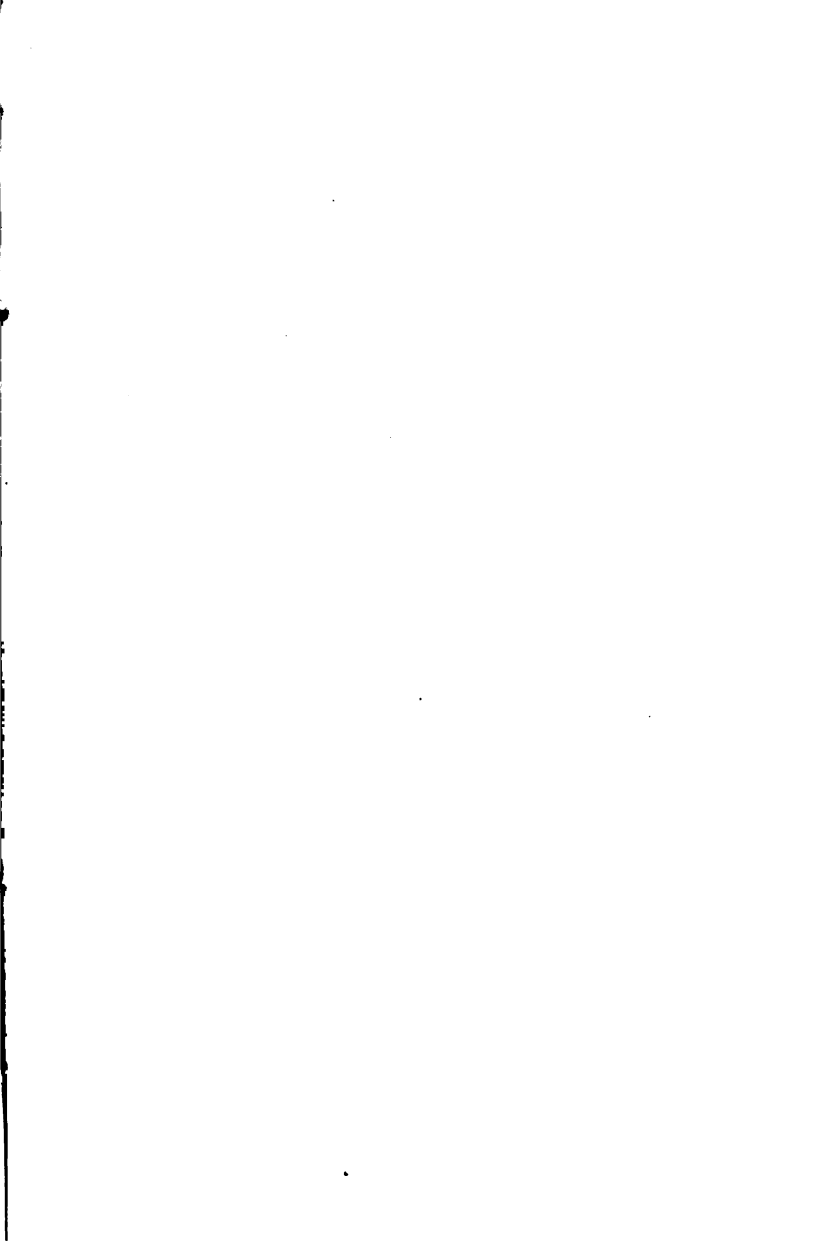
7 A barking sound the Shepherd hears.....	PAGE 18	
16 Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!).....	38	—1
25 Ah! bleak and barren was the moor....	53	
34 Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught.....	63	
27 Alas! they had been friends in youth.....	55	
6 Androcles from his injured lord, in dread.....	16	
9 A peasant to his lord paid yearly court.....	23	
2 A poet's cat, sedate and grave.....	4	
65 Are there not, then, two musics unto men?.....	101	
20 As Life's unending column pours. ....	47	
13 A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent.....	32	
45 A wearied pilgrim I have wandered here.....	78	
10 A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest.....	24	
26 Blow, blow, thou winter wind.....	54	
63 But if thou do thy best.....	99	
83 By the rude bridge that arched the flood.....	133	2
21 Can I see another's woe .....	48	
54 Earth cannot show so brave a sight.....	88	
32 Every night and every morn.....	61	
49 Fear no more the heat o' the sun.....	82	
64 Gently I took that which ungently came.....	100	
80 Hail to Posterity!.....	128	
72 Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?.....	113	
58 How happy is he born and taught.....	92	- 3
43 How seldom, Friend, a good great man inherits.....	76	

11 I love contemplating — apart.....	PAGE 26
17 I met a traveller from an antique land.....	39
82 In an age of fops and toys .....	132
71 In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes.....	112
33 I saw a mother and her child.....	62
51 I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty.....	85 - 42
39 Is there, for honest poverty.....	70 - 3
3 It chanced, then, on a winter's day.....	9
47 It fortifies my soul to know.....	80
44 It is not growing like a tree.....	77 - 6
It is time to be old .....	136
18 It was a summer's evening.....	40
12 Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good Vizier.....	30
8 Lie here, without a record of thy worth.....	21
62 Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God.....	99
48 Life! I know not what thou art.....	81 - 78
46 Life is real! Life is earnest! .....	79
53 Life may be given in many ways.....	87
31 Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown.....	59 - 9
14 Lokman the Wise, therefore the Good (for wise... ..)	34
36 Looking within myself, I note how thin.....	67
55 Men! whose boast it is that ye.....	88
41 My fairest child, I have no song to give you.....	74
73 My heart leaps up when I behold.....	114
A O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule.....	1
29 O Truth! O Freedom! how are ye still born.....	57
57 O well for him whose will is strong.....	91
24 Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down.....	52
37 Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid.....	68
22 Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.....	49
63 Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky.....	107
60 Saint Augustine! well hast thou said.....	95
15 Saint Patrick, slave to Milcho of the herds.....	36
76 Say not, the struggle naught avalleth .....	117
84 She has gone down! They shout it from afar.....	134

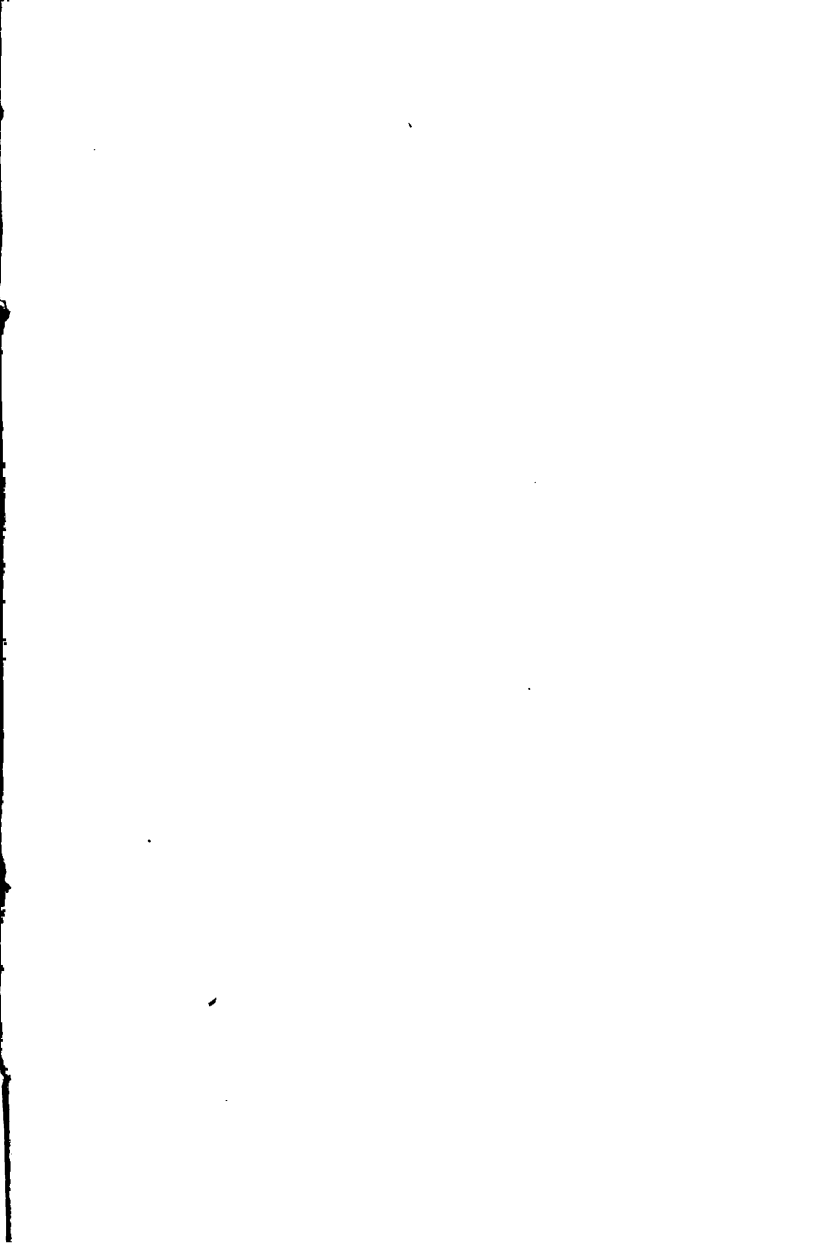
30	Small service is true service while it lasts .....	PAGE 58
23	Sweet Mercy! how my very heart has bled.....	51
70	The breaking waves dashed high.....	126 10
4	The deep affections of the breast.....	12
35	The future hides in it.....	65
5	The greenhouse is my summer seat.....	14 11
1	The mountain and the squirrel.....	3
40	The rich man's son inherits lands.....	72
28	These little firs to-day are things.....	56
56	The timid it concerns to ask their way.....	90
19	This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling.....	44
66	This is the ship of pearl which, poets feign.....	103
74	Thou canst not wave thy staff in air.....	114
67	'Tis common sense, and human wit.....	105
38	Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere.....	69 12
59	Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud.....	94
70	Under the greenwood tree.....	111
69	Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books .....	109
50	We are all here.....	83
77	What voice did on my spirit fall.....	118
78	When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast.....	122
75	When the enemy is near thee.....	115
42	Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?.....	75
81	Where is the true man's fatherland?.....	130
61	Who is the honest man? .....	97
52	Yea, let all good things await.....	86











1

